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# LEGIONS OF THE NIGHT



Ella Field Fowler



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# ECHOES OF THE NIGHT

On my pillow awaiting sleep,  
Little rhymes would tease and keep  
Wide-awake, until thus combined  
This crude and simple book of rhyme.

BY

ELLA FIELD FOWLER

11



PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

1911

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**This Book is respectfully dedicated  
to my esteemed cousin**

**C. DE P. FIELD**

Look not upon this book of Rhyme  
With jest or scorn, 'tis not sublime  
Or Lyric great, so pray be kind  
If meter does not suit the line  
And to all errors, albeit blind.



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## ST. CATHARINE.

O; holy hours within thy wall,  
We listen there to the Saviour's call  
And leave our care, e'en great or small,  
To raise our praise to thee.

'Tis there at thy supreme mercy seat,  
Our Saviour at thy Altar meet  
And humbly kneel at his blest feet—  
We praise thee evermore.

May all thy sister saints in heaven sing,  
As unto thee our oblations bring—  
At Evening prayer on earth confessing  
St. Catharine's worthy praise.

## RETROSPECTION.

How well I remember the Andirons so bright,  
A hickory log blazing, the dim candle light,  
The spinning wheel weaving, the whir of the loom,  
With snow of mid-winter and laughing full moon.  
As the lads and the lasses chassez to and fro,  
The old folk were knitting as in days long ago.

The old arm-chair by the clock in the hall,  
Are fond recollections I love to recall.  
And the church in the valley with pillars so white—  
The deacon if sleeping, the children's delight.  
Yet the lads and the lasses chassez to and fro,  
Still the old folk were knitting as in days long ago.

Right merry the party, the fiddler he said,—  
“Now choose you your partner, the one you would wed.”  
Well pleased were the lasses, as around they did spin,  
In the days of their childhood, at the old village inn.  
All the lads and the lasses chassez to and fro—  
But the old folk were knitting as in days long ago.

How sweet were the doughnuts our grandmother made;  
Cherished still is the spring so cool in the glade.  
Content and so happy in the chimney the crane.  
The iron pot was swinging again and again.  
As the lads and the lasses chassez to and fro,  
Asleep were the old folk as in days long ago.

## THE JACQUEMINOT ROSE.

June, the month of sweet roses,  
The bride, young and fair—  
Now list, to the story  
Of the red Jacque in her hair.

Sweet moments fly fast,  
And seem but a day,  
When sailing with the wind  
In your own happy way.

But with lover, imploring  
Each hour for his fate,  
June, the month of Jacque roses,  
Seem to come “rather late.”

With Violin, sweet and clear,  
He would warble his lay  
On the balcony serenading  
In the old Spanish way.

Soft his songs, fervent uttered,  
Oft were carried by the breeze,  
While the stars above were gleaming  
As the moon peeped through the trees.

Through the trellis most faintly  
Came a sweet, quick reply,  
“Have courage while waiting;  
Do not murmur or sigh.”

“When the Jacqueminot’s out  
’Twill be the signal,” she said;  
“I will then set the day  
On which we will wed.”

Just a dash of the showers  
Which fall in April so free,  
Seemed to speak to the roses  
Red and fragrant to be.

The May party and fête  
Were now over and past;  
All the linen’s collected  
From the looms of Belfast.

Great the trousseau imported  
Would most dazzle one’s eyes,  
All flimsy and flouncy,  
As if dropped from the skies.

In the Cathedral so ancient  
Sweet music pealed forth,  
And with roses so fragrant  
For the bride from the North.

With a hurry and flurry,  
Flowing o’er with great glee  
Swiftly off in a “taxi”  
To the steamer they flee.

The "Red Jacqueminot" rose  
And June sealed her fate,  
With a millionaire now  
In a "royal castle" in state.

## SUNSHINE.

'Tis a dance of fairies on the green,  
As Nature laughs in glee.  
Away with sadness from the scene  
Entranced in ecstasy.

Thanks for the youth and joyous years,—  
Ah, soon enough we weep,  
Far better than the bitter tears,  
If Sunshine we could keep.

O, could the Sunshine ever last  
And sorrow fade away—  
So bright one could forget the past  
Beneath its soothing ray.

## THE MARBLE HILL.

Beyond the tumult of the busy street  
At rest, a city on a hill.  
Peace and quiet reign supreme  
Upon those hushed and still.

Forgotten graves of Puritan days,  
And tombs of marble fame,—  
With each other seems to speak  
And shudder as the sun doth wane.

At rest for ages some have laid,  
The babe so loved in arms;  
Yet each its own dear precious ones,  
We know their many charms.

The storms do beat upon this hill,  
But earth protects its own.  
The marble cross, and simple block,  
Just each a memory stone.

The flowers in summer bloom so fair,  
They chase the tear away,  
Upon the hill of marble white,  
Where you and I must lay.

As years roll on in rapid pace,  
The marble city stands,—  
To welcome pilgrims traveling on  
To join the heavenly bands.

Ay, yes, it is a home for all  
With streets of massive stone;  
Some covered with the moss of age,  
But one stands all alone.

Away from home and kindred friends,  
Upon a distant shore.—  
A stranger in a foreign land  
To the marble hill they bore.

A cannon ball with just a word  
They placed upon his grave,  
He was an exile here on earth,  
And exile on his grave.

A mother found her way across  
The ocean's foaming deep,  
And to the marble hill was led,  
Where he was laid to sleep.

With violets fair she planted there  
The word Love in the earth,  
Then underneath with forgetmenots  
She traced the date of birth.

## WAITING.

Upon the bank of wooded green  
A graceful maiden sat;  
Beneath the bluff her frail canoe,  
With book and lingerie hat.

“He cometh not,” she said, forlorn,  
“A message I will leave,  
Upon the paddle by the lake.  
How could he thus deceive?”

The wandering barque was just afloat  
When he belated came,  
With gestures wild he looked around  
And believed himself insane.

With wounded pride he pressed his heart,  
His feeling could not hide.  
“I’ll rise to fame for her dear name,  
And die, yes, by her side!”

The paddle on the shore he spied,  
Quick read the brief “farewell.”  
Then downward o’er the rocks he sprang  
As swift as wild gazelle.

With downcast eye he seized his oar  
In grief with swelling heart.  
Without one word, unseen, unheard,  
That she should thus depart.

“O lovely maiden, how heartless cruel  
To leave me thus!” he said,  
When through the woods a “whistling girl,”  
The one he thought was dead.

## SPRING.

When the peepers in the marsh we hear,  
It brings to us a springlike cheer.  
And from the tree the robin near  
Chirps out his pretty lay.

While in the meadow little flowers  
Peep up from early showers—  
Which brighten up our bowers  
When spring returns again.

And so we search and stray,  
Admiring nature’s simple way,  
As thro’ woods the bluebird gay  
Doth sing his merry song.

## THE SEA.

I love the wild sea with its magic roar  
Ever telling new stories o'er and o'er,  
And the fairy-sprite, which roams the sea,  
Gathering tales so weird to me.  
It has its mystery, none can know  
How far or where its waters flow.  
But here and there they drift around  
In crooked inlet or deeper sound.

I love the sea, nay even more,  
Than rocky crags which shield her shore;  
'Tis there in summer beauties gay,  
Upon her sand while time away.  
And Cupid he doth linger there  
To seek the maid both young and fair,  
And with his skill of magic art  
He soon doth win a transient heart.

Some time at evening on a bold lofty crest  
When weary of dreaming I have sat down to rest,  
The sea in its frolic, with the wind rather gay,  
Would picture the mermaids as with the breakers they sway.  
In green and in blue, they splash thro' the water,  
True nymphs of the sea, and each her own daughter.  
Then with a glitter of the moon's yellow beam  
They would vanish together, and lonely I'd seem.

O come back ye fairies and stay with me now;  
In rapture I'll join you, if you'll tell me just how.  
Return, for I am yearning to cross o'er the sea—  
I'll stand on the cliff till you beckon to me.  
The sea-gulls are waiting to join in our flight,  
As we enter the sea so sparkling and bright.  
Away we will follow the tide as it flows,  
Enchanted and happy, just whither it goes.

### BETHLEHEM.

In the little town of Bethlehem,  
Upon a night so clear,  
The Shepherd with his flock did watch  
A Star bright red appear.

It seemed as if a flame of fire  
Appearing in the sky  
O'er Bethlehem's hills, behold, afar  
The light could never die.

Good Shepherds wondered at the Star,  
Sweet tidings it did bring;  
The Prince of Peace, a little child,  
At Christmas now we sing.

This little Babe, divine, adored,  
So humble was His birth. —  
He was the bright and evening Star  
That came to dwell on earth.

Sweet peace and joy at Christmas-tide,  
O blessed and holy night.  
The Prince immortal came to earth  
On wings of radiant light.

The children now with gladsome hearts,  
Each their little gifts receive.  
And listen to the story old  
As told on Christmas Eve.

The evergreen with twinkling lights,  
Happy children grouped around,—  
Ring out the bells, 'tis Christmas time,  
You hear throughout the town.

Ring out the carol, old and young,  
Sing the story o'er and o'er;  
A merry Christmas-tide to you,  
Ring out from door to door.

## LAKE MOHONK.

In the mountains, restful, peaceful,  
Lake Mohonk with beauty lies.  
Winding drives ascending graceful  
Greet your eye with great surprise.  
Old Shawangunk, strong and faithful,  
Guards this water night and day,  
As a daughter very youthful  
In his brave and warlike way.

In a skiff, romantic, charming,  
O'er this water grottos find,  
Ancient caves we enter trembling  
By the mighty were designed.  
Gorgeous pageant, long remembering  
Beneath the pine and "Laurel Ledge"  
Wild ravines and sunset blending  
As at frolic in the hedge.

Oh, these mountains, grand and rambling,  
As they watch the sun arise,  
Staunch and strong have long been standing  
Pointing heavenward to the skies.  
As this silent water telling  
Of its romance most sublime,  
Came a deer through hemlocks roaming  
As of one in olden time.

Once upon "Sky-top" when venturing  
With the elements in a war.  
Just a merry party staging,  
As the winds did wildly roar,  
With the rain in torrents pouring,  
Panoramas met our eyes,  
Most romantic gardens hanging,  
Amidst the tempest of the skies.

In the night Shawangunk watching  
Over lake and mountain side,  
Saw Mohonk and maiden parting,  
Swiftly too, they both did glide;  
As of vapor disappearing,  
Leaving not a sign or track,  
Just a purple light ascending,  
Not a message has come back.

To the southward faintly calling,  
Minnewaska's echo hear,—  
"Lone and weary I am waiting  
In my wigwam sad and drear.  
To my father I go willing,  
On the journey of my life,  
When the sun is gently fading  
From this world of bitter strife."

From the wigwam once abiding,  
Now a palatial palace stands,  
Not an Indian warrior training  
In his paint and feathers grand,—  
But the “Artist” gaily painting  
And the traveler seeking rest,  
With the “Author” most inspiring  
You will find among its guests.

## THE PIRATE.

’Twas on the Isle of Samana the pirate so bold  
Stealthily crept to the castle, so ancient and old,  
With his vessel in darkness, he sailed far away,  
Having stolen the Princess, to her father’s dismay.

He found a queer island deserted and lone,  
And built for this Princess a castle of stone;  
The cocoanut tree was growing here wild,  
So he built from its shells a house of quaint style.

With turrets and towers and dungeon so deep,  
Where only the ghosts would ever dare sleep,  
And this was his home. “The King” of the isle,  
With treasures all stolen in the dungeon he’d pile.

Her father well knew this pirate would dare  
To steal his fair daughter, and never would care,  
Unless for a ransom his jewels he would give  
For the sake of his child he wanted to live.

So one day unaware, he sailed to this port,  
But danger,—a cannon, he heard the report.  
Now the balls were so large, and curious in size,  
He gathered one up just to keep for a prize.

And what did it prove, but a cocoanut ball,  
Very hard I assure you, but no fire at all.  
The King from his turret came trembling then out,  
With an air of defiance and rather in doubt.

When the voice of his daughter he knew well and dear  
Resounded from the castle, in a song very clear.  
They captured the pirate, in the dungeon he fell,  
But the rest of the story I cannot now tell.

## THE STOLEN PRINCESS.

In the silent night the bandits stole  
The little Princess Jean;  
They knew rare gems and glittering gold  
Would be offered by the Queen.

Her only friend, a mocking-bird,  
Upon a desolate shore,  
Was sent to carry just a word,  
The King had heard before.

It flew away one rainy day—  
And found her native land,  
With little Pages bright and gay  
At games upon the sand.

A brief message she did send,  
“Return as sun doth rise”;  
The bandits then are lazy men  
With weary sleepy eyes.

It led the boat to a rocky shore,—  
Then called to her again—  
“Love sing with me ‘Il Trovatore,’  
“Thy voice they’ll know and send,—

“Armed soldiers of the King’s Brigade  
To rescue thee and take an early flight,  
Ere these bold men should make a raid,  
If chance a vessel they should sight.

“I’ll sing with thee, the sweetest note—  
Ah, a King hath ever heard;  
And o’er the sea our song shall float,  
With echo word by word.”

“But you must take me with you, Jean,  
To the land from whence you came,  
If I restore you to the Queen,  
Your friendship I shall claim.”

Come let us sing the merry note,  
Of some old song of old,—  
The King doth know your magic throat  
Can warble songs untold.

So listen to the mocking-bird,  
Shrill out the voices ring,  
The music thrilling far was heard  
As together they did sing.

(Song)

My playthings now are laid away  
In the castle by the sea.  
The pirate in the dungeon lay,  
And freedom comes to me.

I see the smile and hear the voice,  
The thought I cannot bear—  
But now we soon shall all rejoice  
And kneel again in prayer.

## VALENTINE.

A "Valentine" I send to you  
Sweet "English maiden" fair,—  
A token of my truest love,  
But wait! I do not dare  
To tell you half in ardent words  
Your "gifts" I much admire—  
And if you'll be my "Valentine,"  
Why send it back by "wire."

## "WE TWO."

A balmy afternoon in summer,  
Wooded slopes on every side.  
Hark! the echo of a gunner,  
Just while asking, "Be my bride?"  
Towering crags of Nature standing  
Against the sky with shadows play;  
But my lady is more charming  
In her little gown of gray.

What care we for golf and bowling  
When the forest has its charms;  
Just "we two" enjoy the strolling  
And in turn are spinning yarns.  
To the spring we wander often,  
Drinking from the loving cup;  
But her heart I cannot soften —  
Must I—Must I give her up?

Labyrinths, bewildering, around us:  
What if we should lose our trail,  
In the jungle tramping thus,  
Each step urging to prevail,  
Just "we two" upon the boulder  
In the shade of forest trees;  
Then I said I now shall win her  
Sylph sweet, of summer breeze.

"Alas!" she said to the earnest wooer,  
"This is but a mystic dream;  
Would that men were constant, truer,  
'Eternal love' is not their theme."  
Hark! the crashing of the thunder,  
Darkening sky we did not see,  
By the boulder then I won her,  
Happy hearts "we two" and free.

## THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Ah, little brook, you seem so gay  
As down the mountain you wend your way.  
Nay lonely not you seem to be,  
With Nature wild, the Chickadee—

Upon a bush with berries red,  
And Bobolink, another said,  
The gray squirrel sprang from tree to tree,  
A partridge shy, the humming bee.

The water gleamed so sparkling clear,  
A wild grape vine was trailing near,—  
When hunter through the tangled brush,  
With rifle cocked, so swift did rush.

Forward down the mountain's springing,  
Against the rocks its echo ringing,  
Away, far away, o'er unbounded space,  
Swiftly, yet swiftly to the sea you race.

Now dashing and splashing thro' green, shady nooks.  
How jolly and dancing the mountain brook looks.  
Amid flowers and rocks asleep at its side,  
On down the mountain the swift brook doth glide.

## NIGHT.

How soft and quiet all doth seem,  
When lights are dim and low;  
And weary eyelids close in dream,  
Then on and on we go.

High in the tree top the old owl screamed,  
From the bough of the sighing pine,—  
And the fire-flies brilliant gleamed,  
At the sound of the midnight chime.

There stood at a gate a dreaming maid  
That darkness could just conceal,  
A happy youth, who said “Good night,”  
And then a kiss did steal.

The youth was night and the maid was day,  
Yet one kiss more he asked,—  
Then swiftly the night rolled far away,  
And it was day at last.

## OLD IRELAND.

I love my old Ireland,  
And the lakes over there,—  
The Shamrock and thistle,  
And the maids which are fair.

The “Blarney Stone” ancient,  
We kiss once a year,  
To make us just happy,—  
And full of good cheer.

The green of our country  
We wear for our ties,  
When we ship for America  
And say our “Good-byes.”

So Hurrah! for old Ireland,  
The land that is dear,  
We love our old country  
And are true and sincere.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Say do you remember,  
The Green Emerald Isle,—  
And the Killarney Castle  
Of the true Irish style.

How we danced and were “merry”  
In Dublin that day,—  
Just a kiss for my “Cherry”  
And you said, “O, go way.”

## MEMORIAL DAY.

The brave for deeds their country gave  
Are honored on this day;  
You hear the sound of muffled drum  
And fife, the dirge the band doth play.

Ye silent warriors, we honor thee!  
Our country thou did save.  
With manly tread ye took the stand,  
The coward or the brave.

Thy home and sweethearts yearning for  
While fighting on the field;  
Ye fell with glory on thy brow,  
Amidst the cannon's peal.

The tasks of war ye took with pride  
And conquered for us all.  
Oh brave and valiant soldiers ye  
Who answered to the call.

Our country saved by thy brave deeds,  
To-day we bow in grief;  
A flag we place upon thy grave  
With flowers and sacred wreath.

A tribute now we silent pay  
To soldiers of the past,  
Who fought upon the battlefield  
And won the fight at last.

## LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, little one sleep,  
Mother is lonely while vigil keep.  
Watching so gently the bonnie face,  
Highland lassie of Scottish race.

Sleep, sleep, darling sleep,  
Father is sailing far out on the deep  
Thinking of bonnie wi' me to-day,  
Blow gentle breeze and bring him this way.

Sleep, sleep, little one sleep,  
Night now is coming and mother doth weep.  
Weary of waiting so long for him dear,  
Heavy my heart, that bringeth a tear.

Sleep, sleep, darling sleep.  
Gane down the sun, at the beach we meet.  
Father is coming his ain child to see.  
Back from his fishing to bonnie and me.

TO THE EASTER LILY.  
(Ode.)

Hail, beautiful lily!  
Bermuda's sweet flower,  
Surrounded by ocean,  
Thy home hidden bower.

An emblem of purity,  
Fair virgin of the soil;  
O, glorious type of Easter-tide,  
To men on earth who do toil.

The lily so stately  
From Bermuda's coral shore,  
By soft wafted breezes  
Is brought to our door.  
On Easter it tells us,

To young and to old,  
Of Christ's resurrection  
As precious as gold.

Easter joy to the lily!  
All churches proclaim;  
Majestic and saintly,  
It praises His name.

A symbol of Easter  
In white spring attire,  
With radiant fragrance  
We all do admire.

With chimes swettly pealing,  
The lily stands fair  
In the chancel, so meekly  
From "Sunnyland" air.

Alleluia, the chorus;  
He is risen to-day,  
While angels in triumph  
Rolled the rock far away.

### FATE.

Far out at sea a lightship white  
Was tossing to and fro;  
With tempest playing hide and seek,  
Its anchor firm below.  
Steadfast, serene, she stands her post,  
Sail on! Her light doth say,—  
Look out for rocks and coral reefs,  
At night I lead your way.

It was the roughest gale of years,  
That lashed and swept the sea;  
But the radiant light, glowing ever bright,—  
Seemed as if a friend to be,  
O'er billows wild its light doth dance  
Upon the sea of fate,—  
"Ho! Ho! A wreck in sight,"  
Exclaimed the stalwart mate.

A rocket through the sky did flash,  
Oh! hurry on—too late I fear,  
The ship is sinking on the reef,  
The life boat now is near.  
All signs of life had disappeared,  
When the sailor brave and bold,—  
Upon a raft an object saw—  
But it was still,—and cold.

Still clinging to this frail support,  
He lifted in his gentle way,—  
Into his life boat, then he saw  
That fate had won the day.  
It was his wife, deserted long—  
“Ah! Nell,” we die together,  
I cannot make the lightship now  
Through this tempestuous weather.

A frenzied wail, he uttered low,  
It seemed the darkest night.  
And then the snow white waves closed o’er,  
And they—were lost to sight.  
The world is large, the sea is broad,  
But fate we ne’er can miss.  
No sighs of pain or laughs of joy  
Can change such fate as this.

## VALENTINE.

Be happy, O fair one, and always gay,  
"Valentines" we send this day.  
Some from far, and some from near,  
Guess who sends you this my dear?  
Through the post it whirls away,  
Do not refuse my heart, I pray;  
But if you admire your gallant Sir—  
Respond at once, do not defer.

## AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Within the garden square one morn  
A little Syrian maid—  
With water-jar and sandaled feet,  
Seemed just a bit afraid.

An artist, with his palette bright,  
Deep thought upon his brow,  
This very subject longed to paint,  
But did not know just how.

Ah! then her portrait he did sketch,  
As from her water-jar,  
The cool refreshing water drank  
Beneath trees o'er reaching far.

His joy! o'erflowed the fountain brim,  
He had sketched the maid at last;  
With all her beauties, rich displayed,  
Now upon the canvas cast.

O Syrian maid! how soft the smile,  
And bright the drooping eye.  
So modest at the fountain stood  
Beneath the azure sky.

### THE OLD CHIEF.

In the forest o'er the camp fire  
Sat the rugged Indian Chief,—  
With his navijo around him  
Strong as iron in his belief.

Dreaming of the wars' and battles  
And the white men he had slain  
Going thro' the grand old canyon  
As he followed in their train.

With the same old warlike spirit,  
He would venture far alone  
With his cunning crafty nature  
And his heart as hard as stone.

He would lead them to the mountain,  
By the pass they were to take,—  
As a guide he treacherous told them  
But his promise, soon would break.

With his hatchet and his arrow  
He would hunt the live-long day,  
Slay the rabbit and the sparrow  
In his cruel and heartless way.

Then around the blazing camp fire,  
As the Sun fell in the West,  
To the “Elysian fields” of Eden  
He was called unto his rest.

## LOVE-SONG

(Or Confession to the Dasiy.)

Does he love me, Marguerite, say,  
In the sweet old fashioned way?  
Once he told me on the sly,  
A little home he soon would buy.  
Very restless too he seems—  
I wonder what he really means.  
Said for me he would willing die,  
Folly, I think it was to sigh.

Asked if I in future years,  
Could refrain from bitter tears.  
Now tell me, is this really love  
That just falls down from heaven above?  
Oh! Daisy tell me is it true,—  
Love is just as pure as you?  
So I sure will know his song  
If he sings it sweet and long.

When the “Violets” begin to come,  
Then you know he loves you “some.”  
If he sends them every day,  
More he loves you, he will say.  
If he brings them from the train,  
Ever thoughtful he will remain.  
Should the price be very high,  
Watch him, closely, might he sigh.

Little traits you thus can find,  
In your lover sincere and kind.  
But if now another friend,  
Around the “Violets” begin to send,—  
Anguish soon will fill the air,  
One and all, look out, beware!  
Daisy will he love me long,  
Or by Spring forget his song?

## JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

Now Jack he was a naughty boy,  
He went to sell a cow—  
For poor old mother blind and lame  
And let me tell you how,—

He met a butcher on the way,  
Then sold her for some beans;  
Well Jack an awful thrashing got,  
He knows just how it seems.

He threw the beans just o'er the wall,  
And in the garden patch,—  
As mother on the door-sill stood,  
With hand upon the latch.

They landed here and they landed there,  
But one deep in the ground;  
And in the morning such a vine  
As Jack in the garden found.

It reached way up into the sky,—  
Now Jack he well could climb,  
So with a fairy up he went,  
And found a giant kind.

He gave him pennies for himself  
And money for the poor.  
Then, "good-bye" to the giant said,  
The stalk is strong I'm sure.

But as he downward found his way,  
The giant in close pursuit—  
He with his hatchet cut the stalk,  
Off fell the giants boot.

It was a mighty shoe in size,  
All filled with coin so bright,—  
That Jack into a trance then fell  
Overwhelmed with his delight.

The fairy whispered in his ear,  
Jack 'tis for your mother too—  
You'll be a giant great some day  
And wear that very shoe.

## BABYHOOD.

(To Richard.)

Little darling that we love,  
Truly innocent from heaven above,  
Angels guard thee night and day,  
Heavenly Father thus we pray.

Sleeping sweetly on thy bed,  
Just a little tiny head.  
Dainty hands of pink and white,  
Pretty baby, O so bright.

Just a winning cherub smile,  
Knowing not a care or trial;  
Little eyes so blue and light,  
Softer than the stars at night.

How he shouts aloud with joy,  
When he has a brand new toy;  
If he should rise up to fame  
More his praise we will acclaim.

## REVERIE OF A NUN.

In the cloister all the day,  
Matins over, silence, pray.  
Penance and confession make,  
Fasting for our soul we take.  
Often in the chapel still,  
Joyous thoughts return until,—  
The sun bows low and fades away,  
Amid the shadows of the parting day.

Cloud and tempest banished there,  
Solitude we seek and prayer.  
Guided through a heavenly way,  
Within the walls of ashen gray.  
After Vesper, even-song,  
On our knees we ponder long.  
Gentle thoughts still come to mind,  
Of different paths of all mankind.

Scattered as our lot has been,  
Avoiding here a world of sin,—  
Clad in black so meek and lowly,  
Chanting vows, so sweet and holy.  
Here we choose our life and stay,  
Yet thirsty for the friends away.  
Nay, too late! why now despair,  
Crowns and pearls for us prepare.

The "Angelus bell" is ringing low,  
And the breeze seems telling a tale of woe.  
Banished from the world a Nun—  
Striving to leave naught undone.  
Mystic silence fills the air,  
As we daily tread to prayer.  
Heart to heart our souls are bound,  
Noble deeds oft too are found.

Refuge from this world of sin,  
Guarded here by those within.  
Like the "Edelweiss" aiming so high,  
From the snow-capped Alps to the purple sky.  
In the nunnery for us designed.  
Hallowed thought, and peace of mind.  
Just a Reverie of the twilight hour—  
Contentment, peace, Almighty power.

### TO MY VALENTINE.

Dearest my heart is bleeding,  
From Cupid's arrow dart.  
Tell me not that love is waning,  
Or that we must ever part.

With jealous love I looked above  
In an aerial ship, I saw with rage—  
Amid the floating pretty clouds  
A "Miss" and "Knighthed Page."

Far through the sky I saw you drift,  
Then land upon a steeple.  
It was upon the planet Mars  
With those peculiar people.

Now if you'll be my "Valentine"  
And your heart is true and free  
I'll send a little bunch of "Pinks"  
A greeting love to thee.

I languish and my heart beats faint,  
Until you homeward fly.  
Ay, if wings and I could soar  
And follow in the distant sky.

For I love—Ah! thee alone  
O, fluttering heart do not betray  
My look, or think it strange  
I ask you in this way:—

To just return from planet Mars  
And be my "Valentine"  
Then from the goblet we will drink,  
The ever sparkling wine.

## THIS AGE.

Great the children of this age,  
Phonetic spelling all the rage  
Without hats they pass you by,  
Do not laugh or even cry.

Babies are not rocked to sleep  
In these days of logic deep,  
But upon a golden bed  
There they lay their little head.

Children make their M's like this,—TTT  
Suppose a curve more from the wrist.  
Off to college soon they go,  
Professors then before you know.

And they read before they spell,  
Quite as quick and just as well.  
But to vote, they long must wait,  
Twenty-one in New York State.

## ADMIRATION.

I saw her but once on a Summer's day  
Even then my heart did seek,—  
Her face so lovely with beauty fair  
Ah, then I heard her speak.

The voice although unknown to me  
Recalls a tragic dream;  
The features too, with golden hair  
Methinks that night I seen.

Oh! light divine! why hide thy home  
And whither hast thou gone—  
I worship at thy vacant shrine  
And sing my plaintive song.

Come back in dreams again to-night,  
And nestle on my heart.  
Breathe just a word of fervent love  
And hope, ere you depart.

Nay tarry for a little while  
And meet me in the land of sleep  
Oh, sweeter far that glorious hour  
Its memory fond I keep.

I passed my hand just o'er my brow,  
When there the flower so sweet,—  
Awaited me in dreamland town  
Then knelt just at my feet.

Once, twice, thrice, she spoke  
And told of men untrue,  
Then like a fading garden rose  
She stately said ' adieu."

## LIFE.

The ladder of life how hard to climb  
As step by step we proceed.  
Still on we travel, yet sometime rest  
Then up the rungs we speed.  
O, heavy the load and oft we shrink,  
Back down the ladder, before we think.

It seems so narrow and rough in spots,  
While through the briars we tread.  
More cheerful if kinder deeds  
And sweeter words were said.  
Our life is rather a rigid school—  
Each day one lesson more by rule.

'Tis not a flowery garden for all  
There are many eyes that weep.  
But still the smiles efface the sorrow  
If the ladder is not too steep.  
So the visions of life as they come and go  
Vanishing at last like the hasty snow.

The curtain falls we know not when,  
We reach that zone called "sleep."  
Protected by an unseen hand  
Beyond the earth to keep.  
Away from all the weary care  
Paradise,—at last, we ask to share.

### THE "EYRIE INN."

Within the realms of altitude high  
Yes, beyond the wooded hill,  
Far above the Hudson's shore  
So placid, beautiful and still.

And here above the river's brink,  
Its miles of scenery seeking,—  
So quiet in its novel way  
That time seems all too fleeting.

Thus I mused on a Summer's day,  
With nature sweet abiding;  
Away from all the wordly din  
E'en the Sun, was modest hiding.

I had read marvelous legends of old—  
Of the phantom so ghostly in white  
That flittered about thro' the moss and the wood  
Like a specter o'er filled with delight.

Like a shadow it appeared unto me,  
In the dense of the forest so wild  
The "Hermit" in vesture of white  
With eyes as meek as a child.

In terror I dared not to move,  
Then heard a laugh as of joy.  
With his hand a circle he waved  
As agile and quick as a boy.

For then, his Lute he embraced,  
In melody rare and clear;  
While like a mute I stood,  
On the mountain side in fear.

"Now listen! my child" he implored,  
"To the strings of my old fashioned Lute—  
Look not at my ghostly attire,  
For white I prefer for my suit."  
(Lute and Song.)

"Do they think of me at eve,  
Of the songs I used to sing?  
Is the harp I struck untouched?  
Does a stranger wake the string?"

And then the "Hermit" passed away,  
As with a sunrise mist;  
The phantom seemed a spirit lone,  
But I looked far back, and list,—

I hurried to the "Eyrie" door—  
In fright I told my tale  
Of spirits, o'er the mountain top  
Above the sylvan dale.

Another told a story twice as weird,  
Until the guests in turn had each a story told.  
Some in a witty style with joke  
And some were Indian cold.

The old Inn echoed far above the passing sloop  
Like music full, of merry glee.  
Until the lights disappeared like stars,  
As each an apparition or ghost did see.

"Old Timp" the Eyrie well doth shelter  
Through all the Summer days.  
And o'er its trails like smiling dreams  
The sunbeam halts, and plays.

Health and rest at this domain  
Where the gentle zephyrs blow.  
An Eden to the weary guest,  
The happiest spot I know.

## ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Bright pretty bird where have you spent,  
The Winter prithee say?  
You seem so happy on the branch,  
As to and fro you sway.

Yet many miles away from home  
Have you been so gaily singing.  
Perhaps within the cotton field  
Your very song was ringing.

Beneath the sky of lovely blue,  
Did you frolic all the day?  
And bask in Southern balmy air,  
So far from snow away?

And now back to the chestnut tree  
You seek your last year nest,—  
Where soon the little timid birds  
With red upon their breast,—

Will fly among the branches hidden,  
And then upon the ground  
Their cherry ballad gaily singing,  
As they hop about around.

They will linger near the cottage,  
Trilling music wild and sweet—  
Oft so early in the morning  
Wake one from the deepest sleep.





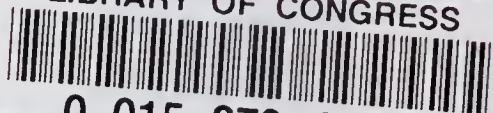


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